Fair Marg'ret of Craignargat:

OR, THE

Indulgent Mother and dif-obedient Daughter.

To which are added,

Sweet JEAN of TYRONE,

AND

THE ROVER.

Entered according to Order.

FAIR MARGARET OF CRAIGNARGAT.

FAIR Margaret of Craignargat,
was the flower of all her kin,
And she has fallen in love, with a false
young man, her ruin to begin.

The more she lov'd, the more it prov'd,
her fatal destiny:
And he that sought her overthrow,
shar'd of her misery.

Before that Lady she was born,
her mother as we find,
She dream'd she had a fair daughter,
that was both dumb and blind.

But as she sat at her bow'r door,
a viewing of her charms,
There came a raven from the south,
and pluck'd her from her arms.

Three times on end she dream'd this dream,
which troubled sore her mind,
That from that very night and hour,
she could no comfort find.

Now she has sent for a wise woman,
liv'd nigh unto the port,
Who being call'd, instantly came,
that Lady to comfort.

To her she told her dreary dream,
with salt tears in her eye,
Hoping that she would read the same,
her mind to satisfy.

Set not your truſt on children young,
whate'er their fortune be,
And if I tell what ſhall befal,
lay not the blame on me.

The Raven which you dreamed of,
he is a falſe young man,
With ſubtile heart and flattering tongue,
your daughter to trapan.

Both night and day, 'to you I pray,
for to be on your guard,
For many are the ſubtile wyles,
by which youth are enſnar'd.

When ſhe had read the dreary dream,
it vex'd her more and more,
For Craignargat of birth and ſtate,
liv'd nigh unto the ſhore.

But as in age her daughter wax'd,
her beauty did excel,
All the Ladies far and near,
that in the land did dwell.

The Gordon, Hay, and brave Agnew,
three Knights of high degree,
Unto the Lady a courting came,
all for her fair beauty.

Which of theſe men they aſk'd her then,
that ſhould her huſband be!
But ſcornfully ſhe did reply,
I'll wed none of the three.

Since it is ſo, where ſhall we go,
a match for thee to find?
That is ſo fair and beautiful,
that none can ſuit thy mind.

With ſcorn and pride ſhe anſwer made,
you'll ne'er choice one for me,
Nor will I wed againſt my mind,
for all their high degree.

The brave Agnew whoſe heart was true,
a ſolemn vow did make,
Never to love a woman more,
all for that Lady's ſake.

Which griev'd her tender parents dear,
to judgement ſhe was blind,
To counſel this Lady was deaf,
and troubled ſore their mind.

From the iſle of Man a courter came,
and a falſe young man was he,
With ſubtile heart and flatt'ring tongue,
to court that fair Lady.

This young man was a bold out-law,
a robber and a thief,
But ſoon he gain'd that Lady's heart,
which cauſed all that grief.

O will you wed her mother ſaid,
a man you do not know,
For to break your parents heart,
with ſorrow, grief, and woe?

Yes, I will go with him ſhe ſaid,
either by land or ſea,
For he's the man I've pitched on,
my huſband for to be.

O let her go, her father ſaid,
for ſhe ſhall have her will;
My curſe and malliſon ſhe's get,
for to purſue her ſtill.

Your curſe father I don't regard,
your bleſſing I'll ne'er crave;
To the man I love I'll conſtant prove,
and never him deceive.

On board with him fair Marg'ret's gone,
in hopes his bride to be:
But mark you well and I ſhall tell,
of their ſad deſtiny.

They had not ſail'd a league but five,
till the ſtorm began to riſe,
The ſwelling ſeas ran mountains high,
and diſmal were the ſkies.

In deep deſpair, that Lady fair,
for help aloud ſhe cries,
While cryſtal tears like fountains ran,
down from her lovely eyes.

Oh! I have got my father's curſe,
my pride for to ſubdue,
With ſorrows great my heart will break,
alas! what ſhall I do?

O were I at my fathers houſe,
his bleſſing to receive,
Then on my bended knees I'd fall,
his pardon for to crave.

To aid my grief, there's no relief,
to ſpeak it is in vain,
Likewiſe my loving parents dear,
I ne'er ſhall ſee again.

The winds and waves did both conſpire,
their lives for to devour,
That gallant ſhip that night was loſt,
and never was ſeen more.

When tidings to Craignargat came,
of their ſad overthrow,
It griev'd her tender parents' heart,
afreſh began their woe.

Of the dreary dream that ſhe had ſeen,
and often thought upon:
O fatal news her mother cries,
my darling ſhe is gone.

O fair Marg'ret, I little thought,
the ſeas ſhould be thy grave,
When firſt thou left thy father's houſe,
without thy parents' leave.

May this tragedy a warning be,
to children while they live,
That they may love their parents dear,
their bleſſings to receive.

SWEET JEAN OF TYRONE.

MY father often told me,
He never would controul me,
But make me a draper if I ſtaid at home,
But I took a notion,
Of a higher promotion,
To try other parts than the county of Tyrone.

It was not in variance,
That I left my parents,
As little they knew the road I had gone;
But I thank my inſtructor,
And kindly conductor,
Who landed me ſafe from the county of Tyrone.

When I travell'd to Newry,
Where I fell a courting,
A courting a girl for a wife of my own,
But when I came to her,
She would not endure me,
She told me I was married in the county of Tyrone.

Then I ſtaid a whole ſeaſon,
At the cotton weaving,
Still thinking my love ſhe would alter her tone,
But with quick apprehenſion,
She quickly made mention,
Where's your character from the county of Tyrone.

For my character,
You need ne'er mind it,
I ne'er was married or promis'd to none,
Then ſhe ſwore by her conſcience,
She would run all chances,
And travel with me to the county of Tyrone.

Then early next morning,
The ſun was adorning,
We travell'd from Killwight by the 3 mile ſtone,
The guard they purſu'd us,
But never could view us,
I wiſh'd from my heart I had my love in Tyrone.

As we were a walking,
And lovingly talking,
We met an old man was walking alone;
He told them he met us,
And where they would get us,
And that we were talking of the county of Tyrone.

This eaſed their trouble,
Their ſteps they did double,

And ſaid if they'd get me they'd break all my bones,
They ſaid if they'd get me,
A priſoner they'd make me,
Tranſmit me to Onag, and hang me in Tyrone.

There was a water nigh us,
Where veſſels were lying,
And all the whole ſtory to them we made known,
They threw a plank to us,
And on board they drew us,
And told us their veſſel was bound to Tyrone.

Then my love lay a dying,
Lamenting and crying,
I offer'd her a cordiel which I brought from home,
But with quick apprehenſion,
She quickly rejected,
I'll be doing without it till I come to Tyrone.

When we arrived,
In our native county,
I all the whole caſe to my father made known,
Five hundred pounds he gave us,
If that will not do us,
He'll crown us with glory in the county of Tyrone.

Theſe two live together,
In joy and great pleaſure,
If you want to ſee them you muſt go to Tyrone,
My love's name to finiſh,
Is miſs Jeanie Innes,
And myſelf bold M'Ginnes from the county of Tyrone.

THE ROVER.

AWay you rover, for ſhame give over,
You play the wild rover ſo like an aſs;
You are for ſtorming you think you're charming,
Your faint performing, we read in your face.

FINIS.